Periodical

APRIL, 1933 FIFTEEN CENTS

THE CRISIS

130th ANNIVERSARY OF TOUSSAINT'S DEATH

NEGRO OCCUPATIONS—SONG IN VIRGIN ISLANDS

A Stately Entrance With a Friendly Welcome

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA, INC.

presents its

40th ANNUAL STATEMENT

as of

DECEMBER 31, 1932

INCOME

New Premiums (Application Fees)	$2,438.26	
Renewal Premiums	510,527.44	
Total Premium Income		$512,965.70
Total Interest and Rents		46,543.85
Other Income		2,664.05
Total Income		$562,173.60

DISBURSEMENTS

Net Amount paid for claims to policyholders	$272,865.77	
Salary and Commission paid to supervisors, agents and Clerks	218,141.54	
Salary paid to Executive group	21,550.00	
All other disbursements	95,137.75	
Total Disbursements		$607,695.06

ASSETS

Real Estate	$514,792.12	
Mortgage loans on real estate	113,370.10	
Collateral loans	9,093.48	
Bonds and Stocks	76,206.12	
Cash in Company's office and District office banks	4,104.48	
Deposits in banks	196,910.88	
Total interest and rents due and accrued	16,829.13	
Net amount of uncollected and deferred premiums	1,855.89	
All other assets	4,943.28	
Gross Assets	$938,105.48	
Deduct Assets Not Admitted	47,823.34	
Total Admitted Assets		$890,282.14

LIABILITIES

Net Reserve, required by law (on policies in force)	$461,604.00	
Special Reserve for pending and contingent claims	5,004.38	
Other Liabilities	37,186.29	
	$503,794.67	
Capital paid up	150,000.00	
Surplus	236,487.47	
		$890,282.14
CAPITAL AND SURPLUS	$386,487.47	
CLAIMS PAID TO DECEMBER 31, 1932	$6,590,540.80	

SOUTHERN AID SOCIETY OF VIRGINIA, INC.

Home Office: THIRD AND CLAY STREETS, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

LIFE, HEALTH AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Operating in Virginia and District of Columbia

THE CRISIS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, *Editor and Manager*

Volume 40, No. 4 **Contents for April, 1933** *Whole No. 269*

	Page
COVER. Toussaint L'Ouverture. A Drawing by Joseph C. Carpenter, Jr.	
AS THE CROW FLIES	77
TOUSSAINT. A Poem. By Marcus B. Christian	79
I AM FREE, BLACK AND 21: HOW SHALL I EARN A LIVING?	79
BLACK WORKERS. A Poem. By Langston Hughes	80
SATISFACTION. A Poem. By Billy B. Cooper	80
THE LIFE WORK OF EDWARD A. JOHNSON. Illustrated	81
MISSISSIPPI SLAVERY IN 1933. By Roy Wilkins	81
HISTORY AND SONG IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. By Maud Cuney-Hare	83
THE FARM ON THE EASTERN SHORE. A Story. By Anne Du Bignon	85
HUBBARD OF LIBERIA. By W. E. B. Du Bois	87
ALONG THE COLOR LINE. Illustrated	88
POSTSCRIPT. By W. E. B. Du Bois	93

THE NEW RACIAL PHILOSOPHY

FUTURE NUMBERS OF THE CRISIS WILL CONTAIN

MAY . . . . The Problem of *Income*, with an article on "Marxism and the American Race Problem"

JUNE . . . . The Problem of *Government and Law*, with a history of the Negro vote and a forecast of its future

JULY . . . . The Problem of *Delinquency and Dependency*, with an article on "The Class Struggle Within the Negro Race"

Future numbers will treat *Education*, *Civil Rights*, *Race Pride*, *Religion* and *Pan Africa*

Zingara is not the only futile, illogical phenomenon in these United States.

•

We never did have much interest in banks.

•

Well, Mr. Hoover, here's hoping a long rest. The longer the better.

•

Of course the Banks backed Insull. In certain emergencies Pots and Kettles just must stand together.

•

And just now where is all that Light and Leading which we've been paying the universities for in cash during the last hundred years or so? A few Reparations on account would greatly encourage most of us right along through these narrows.

•

How about tariff protection for our most prosperous industry, Kidnapping? Protect the home market!

•

And so being peeved we got a brand new president and a fresh, smirking cabinet and we're finding jobs for deserving Democrats as fast as the Lord and Jim Farley will let us. And *still* Prosperity is in hiding.

AS THE CROW FLIES

We're killing off children, curtailing education, stopping health measures and holding back roads and bridges. But my God! suppose the Golden Horseshoe should lose the Metropolitan Opera! It's enough to make strong men weep. Pass the hat.

•

The usual decennial world's fair and cattle show will be held in Chicago this summer. Admission 25c. Wild animals and side shows under the management of Dawes and his bank.

•

Buy American and starve. Buy British and sit idle. Buy French and forget your debts. Buy German and Hitler Communists and Jews. Buy Italian and threaten and strut. Buy anything anywhere, as soon as you get something to buy with.

•

This problem of rescuing agriculture seems too simple for words; at least this is our feeling after a session with the Congressional Record.

•

So far the net result of putting the race question out of Southern politics has been Tillman, Vardaman, Blease, Heflin, Huey Long, Lynching and Fundamentalism. The South should pray earnestly for a little honest old Reconstruction.

•

We're terribly interested in Luke Lea and Luke, Jr. of Tennessee. This dastardly attempt to put Southern gentlemen in jail just because they are thieves is intolerable. First thing you know South Carolina will be issuing warrants against murderers and Mississippi will be slapping lynchers smartly on the wrist. Is there no longer protection for the planter aristocracy?

•

Sound money! Yes, but most of us have forgotten how money sounds.

•

Before the League of Nations starts out to show its authority it might just as well be sure it has some authority to show.

THE CRISIS *was founded in 1910. It is published monthly at 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Crisis Publishing Company, Inc., and is the official organ of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The subscription price is $1.50 a year or 15c a copy. Foreign subscriptions $1.75. The date of expiration of each subscription is printed on the wrapper. When the subscription is due a blue renewal blank is enclosed. The address of a subscriber may be changed as often as desired, but both the old and new address must be given and two weeks' notice is necessary. Manuscripts and drawings relating to colored people are desired. They must be accompanied by return postage and while* THE CRISIS *uses every care it assumes no responsibility for their safety in transit. Entered as second class matter November 2, 1910, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879, and additional second class entry at Albany, N. Y.*

The contents of THE CRISIS *are copyrighted.*

CRISIS SCHOOL DIRECTORY

HOWARD UNIVERSITY

SPRING QUARTER

Registration, March 22, 1933

Students at Howard University do best work in the Spring Quarter, according to report just released by the United States Department of the Interior, Office of Education. Applicants may register for full credit at the beginning of any quarter in the Colleges of Liberal Arts, Education, Applied Science, and the Schools of Music and Religion.

Each quarter represents a complete unit of work, so that students unable to attend consecutive quarters may temporarily withdraw without injury to their records. Such arrangement, according to the United States Bureau of Education, affords higher educational advantages to Negro youth that would not be available otherwise.

For further information write

THE REGISTRAR

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◆

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For Information Address:

EDWARD N. WILSON, Registrar

Rendall Hall

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"This depression," remarked the late Dwight A. W. Morrow, "will be over about six months before anyone knows it."

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LINCOLN UNIVERSITY, situated at Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, a fully accredited College (non-coeducational), offers courses in "THE HUMANITIES" and in the BIOLOGICAL, PHYSICAL, and SOCIAL SCIENCES, for those who desire CULTURE with pre-professional training and preparation to teach the academic subjects in high schools or to do social work.

LINCOLN UNIVERSITY is *not* a SEGREGATED COLLEGE. Its Trustees, Faculty, and Student Body co-operate in an INTER-RACIAL enterprise, located where there are no discriminatory laws, and a comparative absence of social prejudice.

THE COSTS for 1933-1934 have been REVISED DOWNWARD.

***Address:*—THE PRESIDENT, Lincoln University, Chester County, Pennsylvania.**

TOUSSAINT

Died in April, 1803

By Marcus B. Christian

HIGH in the Alps spring comes to earth again,
Nature again runs riot—snowdrift sweeps
And out of winter's fierce travail of pain
All earth awakes—but only Toussaint sleeps.

A fledgeling of the tropics, yet, he lies
Upon an Alpine dungeon-floor of stone,
Stone-cold, while underneath late April skies,
All earth awakes—but Toussaint sleeps alone.

He sleeps. At deep Lethean wells he drinks,
While of a poor, black man's betrayed trust,
The Great Napoleon, doomed and sleepless, thinks:
But Toussaint knows the slumber of the just.

He sleeps. Mid faces alien to his kind,
The heart of him obeyed the Last Command;
But ere he slept, he heard within his mind
Black people crooning in a far-off land.

Cloud-sweeper of the black man's coming dawn—
Trunk of the black man's Tree of Liberty—
L'Ouverture, the heart that led thee on
Beats nevermore within the breast of thee?

Heart of the slave who made black people free—
Out of the earth, your voice prophetic cries:
"Its roots are deep and strong, and liberty
Will bloom again 'neath San Domingue's skies!"

I Am Free, Black And 21

How Shall I Earn a Living?

IF you follow the colored American crowd along its past paths, these are the facts:

Gainful Workers Among Negroes

1910	5,192,535	or 71%
1920	4,824,151	or 59.9%
1930	5,503,535	or 59.2%

Among the native whites only 47% were at work in 1930.

Of the Negro men, 87.4% in 1910 and 80.2% in 1930 were at work, compared with 73.4% of the native white men in 1930. Of the women, 54.7% in 1910 and 38.9% in 1930 were working for wages outside the home. Of the white women, only 20.5% were thus earning a living in 1930. Negroes are not idlers or shrikers compared with the native whites or foreign workers.

Here, then, are the black workers. What are they doing?

Colored Gainful Workers—10 Years of Age or Over in 1930

1,987,839 or 36.1% are working on farms
1,576,205 or 28.6% are in domestic and personal service
1,024,656 or 18.6% are in manufacturing and mechanical industries
397,645 or 7.2% are in transportation and communication
183,809 or 3.3% are in trade
135,925 or 2.5% are in professional service
This leaves 196,456 or 3.6% in forestry and fishing, mining, public service and clerical operations.

This contrasts sharply with the native whites. They have 27% in manufacturing and mechanical industries, 21% in agriculture, 13% in trade, and 10% in clerical operations.

Again, the foreign whites offer another contrast, with 44% in manufacturing and mechanical industries, 13% in trade, and 12% in domestic and personal service.

Or in other words, Negroes are farmers, servants and laborers; native whites are mechanics, farmers and business men; foreign whites are factory workers, small merchants and servants.

There are, naturally, great contrasts between the occupations of colored men and colored women: 40% of the men are farmers; 25% labor in manufacturing and mechanical industries; 11% are in domestic and personal service; 10% work in transportation and communication.

While among women, 62% are servants and 26% farm laborers.

These are very broad and general lines of classification and do not make the facts very clear. Let us try again and consider occupations where at least 10,000 Negroes are employed.

Farm Laborers	1,112,510
Laborers	1,033,605
Farmers, Owners and Tenants	873,653
Servants	557,307
Cooks	279,621
Washerwomen	271,083
Chauffeurs, Truck and Tractor Drivers	108,412
Janitors and Sextons	78,415
Miners	74,729
Laundry Operatives	58,080
Teachers	54,683
Waiters	48,378
Clerks and Salesmen	44,655
Barbers, Hairdressers and Manicurists	34,263
Carpenters	32,406
Retail Dealers and Managers of Retail Stores	28,213
Mechanics	26,708
Longshoremen and Stevedores	25,434
Delivery Men	25,277
Lumbermen	24,426
Operatives in Iron and Steel Mills	23,255
Operatives in Clothing Industries	22,216
Operatives in Cigar and Tobacco Factories	20,725
Dressmakers	20,439
Draymen and Teamsters	19,549
Firemen (Except locomotive and fire department)	18,265
Painters	18,152
Operatives in Miscellaneous Manufacturing	18,066
Midwives and Nurses, Untrained	18,052
Operatives in Food and Allied Industries	17,834
Attendants in Professional Service	16,098
Elevator Tenders	16,889
Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing	15,773
Plasterers	13,464
Masons	11,701
Musicians and Teachers of Music	10,583
Restaurant and Lunchroom Keepers	10,543
Operatives in Lumber and Furniture Industries	10,241

Two considerations must be added to these figures:

First, the colored women in the homes, who number 2,887,224 of the colored women 10 years of age or over, are to a larger extent than their white sisters, hard workers with little domestic help and few labor-saving appliances. Some of the younger ones are in school, but 171,726, from 10-17 years of age, were at work in 1930. We must also remember that the total amount of child labor among Negroes is large.

In 1920, for instance, 161,452 colored children, 10-13 years of age, were at work; in 1930, there were 108,201 colored children, 10-13 years of age at work. Of colored children, 14-16 years of age, a quarter of a million were at work in 1930, and this does not include an army of children working on southern farms who are counted as "at home."

Let us now differentiate, as far as possible, the hierarchy of economic classes. There are in round numbers about 1,900,000 common laborers, including 1,112,510 farm laborers, 271,083 washerwomen, 156,543 laborers and porters in stores, 161,767 laborers on railroads and other roads, and 113,685 common laborers in mills, factories

and garages. The servants, who come next, differ widely in skill and pay and some of them might be classed among the semi-skilled or even the skilled workers. Of these servants, we may count in round numbers, 900,000, consisting of:

House Servants	557,307
Cooks	279,621
Waiters	48,378

Closely allied with these, come the semi-skilled workers, who amount to about 500,000. They include:

Operatives in Food, Iron and Steel, Clothing, and Miscellaneous Lines	91,585
Janitors	78,415
Miners	74,729
Laundry Operatives	58,080
Draymen and Delivery Men	44,826
Longshoremen and Stevedores	25,434
Lumbermen	24,426
Midwives and Untrained Nurses	18,052
Elevator Attendants	16,889
Attendants and Professional Folk	16,098

Next to these come about 400,000 skilled workers, including:

Chauffeurs and Tractor Drivers	108,412
Barbers, Hairdressers and Manicurists	34,263
Cigar Makers	20,725
Tailors and Dressmakers	27,944
Plasterers	13,464
Painters	18,152
Firemen	18,265
Masons	11,701
Carpenters	32,406
Miscellaneous Mechanics	26,708

Those beginning to accumulate capital are among the 873,653 farmers and tenants. The large majority of these, however, are tenants, hardly above the status of laborers, with small capital in tools and stock. The other capitalists may be listed with those in trade and business, and all these amount to about 100,000. There are:

Retail Dealers and Managers	28,213
Restaurant and Lunchroom Keepers	10,543
Dealers in Real Estate	4,050
Undertakers	2,946
Various Forms of Insurance	6,797
Agents, Bookkeepers, Clerks and Foremen	51,349

For want of better classification, we may put those in political and social service, except laborers, with the business men. They number about 7,500 and include:

Mail Carriers	6,312
Policemen	1,297

Our professional classes number something over 100,000:

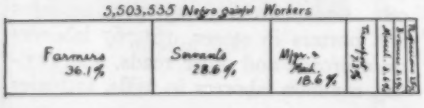
Teachers	56,929
Clergymen	25,034
Musicians and Teachers of Music	10,583
Actors	4,130
Physicians	3,805
Lawyers	1,247
Dentists	1,773
Social Workers	1,038
Trained Nurses	5,728

These figures amount to 4,637,636, out of a total of 5,503,535 Negroes at work.

The totals are:

Common Laborers	1,876,751
Servants	885,306
Semi-Skilled Laborers	448,459
Skilled Laborers	328,349
Farmers	873,653
Trade and Business	105,417
Professional Men	112,228
Public Service	7,473
	4,637,636

5,503,535 Negro gainful Workers

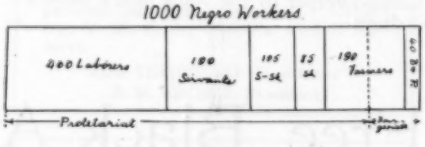


To summarize this, we may say roughly that of each thousand Negro workers outside the home, there are roughly:

Common Laborers	400
Servants	190
Farmers	190
Semi-Skilled Laborers	105
Skilled Laborers	85
In Business and Public Service	20
In Professions	20

Or looking at the matter more distinctly from the standpoint of capital and accumulated wealth, we may say that of these Negroes, 870 belong distinctly to a proletariat, including the laborers, servants, semi-skilled and skilled laborers. Many of these own their homes, and in ordinary times have some savings, but few of them could be regarded as belonging to the property-holding class. To these should be added at least 100 of the 190 farmers.

1000 Negro Workers



To the petty bourgeoisie, or small property holders, belong perhaps 90 farm owners and 40 persons in the professions and in business, making a class of 130.

The evidences of advance are marvelous as compared with 1860 or 1880; notable as compared with 1920—more women at home; greater differentiation in the employment of men; more colored folk in industry and transportation. But the general situation shows that the economic emancipation of the Negro still lags.

Black Workers

By Langston Hughes

THE bees work.
Their work is taken from them.
We are like the bees—
But it won't last
Forever.

Satisfaction

By Billy B. Cooper

HE died as he had lived.
With that sure sense
Of having carefully performed
A self-set duty.
And in his eyes there gleamed
Deep satisfaction,
While his lips relaxed
Grotesquely in content.
His perfect code of living
Somehow lent a purpose
For his dying. His shall be
A self-directed path, eternally.

The division of work is unsatisfactory. The common laborers form, on the whole, the worst paid workers in America, with a large number of casual workers and workers liable to long periods of unemployment. They labor long hours and under the worst conditions, and their personal liberty, civil rights and political freedom are seriously curtailed by fear of hunger.

The servants are also in a precarious condition. They are sure of food and lodging, but the majority of them, of not much more. Their hours are unregulated and their reaction is careless and inefficient service.

The skilled and semi-skilled colored laborers are at the mercy of the trade unions. Just as far as possible they are kept out of the best lines of work, and in those lines where they are admitted, they are discriminated against. The Union card in a Negro workingman's hand does not mean recognition from white workers, and in a majority of cases, he can only get work if he is willing to scab.

The farmers and tenants are perhaps even worse off than the common laborers. They handle little money; are reduced almost to peonage; and they are systematically cheated. The farm owner suffers all the disadvantages of the American farmers in general, in addition to various color discriminations, small capital and legal difficulties.

The emerging professional classes face the difficulty of the small income of their supporting clientele, while those in trade and business have not only this same difficulty but in addition to that, the merciless and almost inescapable competition of white business and organized corporations with endless capital. Qualified Negroes find little scope for talent and they are crowded down on top of the masses into socially despised and ill-paid callings.

The result is a level of income far below the necessities for life and development, too much labor of women and children, poor homes, questionable recreation and crime.

What Negroes need is wider opportunity to work, according to their talent, and this is precisely what the white world is not willing to give them because of selfishness, fear and greed. Philanthropy can be depended on for charity and for certain lines of education, but the philanthropists who contribute to Negro universities will not, in most cases, give that same Negro a job. White labor recognizes no common ground with colored labor, and white women are continually willing to be exploited in such ways as to block the advance of Negroes and curtail their opportunity. The white church is absolutely without voice or program in Negro economic lines.

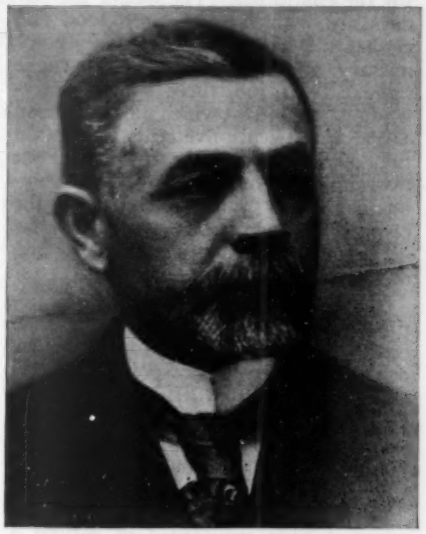
The Life Work of Edward A. Johnson

THERE is a blind man in New York City who is cheerful and contented because he looks back upon a life of unusual usefulness and accomplishment.

Edward A. Johnson was born in Raleigh, North Carolina, not long before the Union soldiers marched through in the Civil War. He saw the burning of a large storage warehouse with corn and flour, stored by the Confederates near his home, and burned by them to prevent its capture. He remembers being carried out to see the fire by "Daddy" Fonza. There came a sudden explosion of cannon shells, and they had to run for home.

Mr. Johnson's early education was given by a free colored woman, Miss Nancy Walton, who, like the well-known John Chavis, taught many of the young, white aristocrats languages. There were almost no free schools then in North Carolina. In 1866, a brother of Chief Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, and a lady from Maine, established the colored Washington High School, and here eventually, Mr. Johnson was sent to continue his education. He had many interesting walks with Professor Brewer and learned much of geology and botany. He found interesting books in the barrels sent from the North, and picked some big ones, like "The History of the People of Palestine" for his own entertainment.

Two of the first graduates of Atlanta University landed in Raleigh in 1877. One filled the vacancy left by a white woman, Miss Bierce, who went to Wilberforce University and afterward became the wife of the late Professor Scarborough. Young Johnson was impressed by these graduates and their stories of Atlanta University, and although he had planned to go to Oberlin, he changed his mind, and in 1879,



despite the misgivings of his parents, went to Atlanta, where he remained until 1882.

Then he began teaching. First, at the Mitchell Street School, Atlanta, and then in Raleigh, where he became Principal of the Washington School, with 1,250 pupils. He stayed here six years; studied law at Shaw University, and then joined the faculty at Shaw, where he taught 14 years. Then he began his public career. For two years, he was alderman of the City of Raleigh; then Assistant to the District Attorney of Eastern North Carolina, where he drew hundreds of indictments for the courts at Raleigh, Elizabeth City, Newbern and Wilmington. Theodore Roosevelt took particular pains to maintain him in office, and Mr. Johnson rode in his inaugural parade with sash and spurs in 1904.

Edward Johnson's literary career began in 1890, when he published a school history to be used by colored children in the South. He was warned that it might cost him his position, but he explained to the Superintendent that all the rest of men were represented by the best types and the best facts, except the Negro, and he determined to see if he could not furnish a better text. His book came to be used not only in North Carolina but in Virginia, in both public and private schools. Later, he got out a Negro almanac of statistics, a book on vocational education, and recently, "Adam vs. the Ape Man and Ethiopia."

In 1907, Mr. Johnson came to New York at a time when most men would have considered their career closed. But here in the metropolis, he began again. He became practicing lawyer and in 1917 was the first colored man elected to the New York Legislature, where he twice addressed the Joint Session of the Legislature on Lincoln's Memorial Day. He was re-elected in 1918. It was he that introduced and fathered the so-called Levy Civil Rights Bill in the New York Legislature, which is probably the best bill of its kind in the United Staes. He also sponsored the bill amending the Civil Service law to prevent discrimination on account of religion, race or color, and helped establish the first free labor employment bureau in the country. Mr. Johnson was also instrumental in getting the first colored interne admitted to Bellevue Hospital. He was a candidate for Congress in 1928, and though defeated, received the largest Republican vote of any candidate in that district. Despite the loss of his sight eight years ago, Mr. Johnson is still an ardent worker in civic, social and political lines, and in all projects for the betterment of his country and race.

Mississippi Slavery in 1933

By ROY WILKINS

THE first thing which hits you between the eyes in the Delta is the poverty of the people. Eight months of the year they work for "Mistuh Somebody" on his plantation, either as a sharecropper or tenant. They are lucky if, with "Mistuh Somebody's" bookkeeping, they come out even. Everywhere you meet the same grumble: "Nossuh, you cain't make anything. You gets a little somethin' to eat and yo' seed and a place to sleep. No clothes. No cash money, nossuh!"

That's the rub—cash money. The old peonage run-around. Credit at the store for molasses, meal, salt pork, sugar, salt, flour, a bit of chewing tobacco. Settling up at the boss man's prices. Only a few dollars in hand from one year's end to another. In the four months between crops some of the farmers seek employment on "public works" as they call road building and levee construction. But the levee work, while it promises the much desired cash money, actually delivers no more than the plantation owner.

Practical Slavery

It is no exaggeration to state that the conditions under which Negroes work in the federally-financed Mississippi levee construction camps approximate virtual slavery. In December, 1931, two investigators for the American Federation of Labor so branded the working conditions; in July, 1932, Miss Helen Boardman, investigating for the N.A.A.C.P. found some conditions worse than slavery; and in December, 1932, George S. Schuyler and I discovered that the previous reports were not exaggerated in the least.

If my plantation friend, with whom I spent a night in his cabin in the cotton, managed to get a job, he would be promised $1.00 a day for common labor, perhaps $1.25. If he could drive a tractor he would be promised $1.50 or, in rare cases, $2.00 a day. He would work from 5:30 A. M. until 5:30 P. M., with a "snatch" lunch on the job at noon. Or, if he was on a night crew, he would work from 5:30 P. M. until 5:30 A. M. under flood lights. In some camps he would work on the day shift from 4:30 A. M. until 6:30 P. M. with no overtime. As one lad told me: "Sometimes they comes and rousts you out at 3:30 in the morning, telling you it's too cold to work the night crew any longer. You got to get up and hit it."

The worst tale of hours I heard was from a "cat" driver (caterpillar tractor driver) who said he had worked for one contractor for a few weeks on one shift —and that shift was *eighteen hours long*. "They decided to do away with the night shift," he said, "and work all the gang straight through. So we turned out at 3 A. M. and worked right on up to 9 P. M. Yassuh! And the day the sleet started—I think it was December 9—they worked us in that snow and sleet right up to midnight before knocking off."

In many sections of the Delta a seven-day week is the rule. In some counties in Mississippi the curious religion of the region prohibits work on Sundays. It is that good old-fashioned religion which sees nothing wrong in working the hearts out of God's children and robbing them for six days a week, but insists the seventh day must be for rest and worship—to say nothing of counting profits and figuring out the exploitation of the next six days.

Pay Days Now and Then

While there is complaint from workers on all the forms of exploitation, the greatest wail is against the irregular pay day system. The men grumble over the small pay, the long hours, the cursing, the beating, the food, the tents, the commissary fleecing, but they reserve their greatest bitterness for the contractor who "won't pay you even that little you got coming."

I heard of at least two contractors who had paid off in December for the first time since August and September, respectively. This system is a great one for the contractor. The longer the pay days are withheld, the more food and clothes the men buy at the camp commissary at the high prices in vogue there. Then, too, there is the money-lending business which all foremen carry on at twenty-five cents interest on the dollar. If pay days are dragged out two and three months apart, with commissary prices at the pleasure of the contractor, a workman has only a dollar or two of cash money coming to him at the end of three months.

Then there are those other deductions: a lump sum, three or four dollars a week for commissary, whether one uses that amount or not; fifty cents for drinking water; fifty cents for the cook (single men pay this); fifty or seventy-five cents tent rent. Now, suppose you are my friend, whom I shall call Smith. We are huddling around a tin blast stove in his sister's home where I have succeeeded in getting a bed for the night. We both are planning to go out to "Mistuh Charlie's" camp the next morning and ask for a job. Says Smith:

"I hope I get on. He don't pay much, but he pay off regular. I *know* every two weeks I gwine get nine dollars and fo' bits. They keep out the rest, you know."

Another acquaintance with whom I rode ten miles on a flat car of a mixed freight and passenger train, voiced the almost universal sentiment:

"These white folks don't do us right. They's something crooked going on and I wouldn't be the one to say whose doing it, though I got my ideas. We works too hard and too long for the little money we gets. But I say this, they is two things I won't stand for. One is cursing me and calling me 'nigger' and the other is not paying off. I want my money and I don't want nobody calling me names."

The Army Engineers Know

When the N.A.A.C.P. first sent a copy of Miss Boardman's report to the War department, Major General Lytle Brown, chief of engineers, stuttered with rage because Negroes had presumed to poke their noses into the War department's pet flood control project.

We suspected at the time that the general was a little excited and was talking too much. He gave himself away by becoming so angry, not at the charges, but at the nerve of Negroes making the charges. He would have been foaming and sputtering yet, no doubt, had not Secretary Hurley taken the correspondence away from him.

But when I went down into the camps I saw plainly why the general boiled over. The War department knows all about this exploitation on the river. It knows all about the long hours, the low pay, the commissaries, the beatings the living conditions in the camps. In every camp there lives a War department engineer. The flag of the United States floats above his tent and over the sweating backs of the "free" black citizens who swear allegiance to it. It may be that the War department cannot do anything about the conditions, but if that is so, why doesn't it say so? Why does it say they do not exist? Why does it interpose the most strenuous objections to a thorough-going inquiry by the senate? Why was General Brown so curt, so arrogant and so contemptuous in his testimony before the house committee on labor last February, when he was questioned on the levee labor conditions? In short, what does the War department have to hide in this matter?

Millions in Wages

This fight is more than a struggle against inhuman conditions. It is estimated that a minimum sum of five millions of dollars a year would be added to the wages of Negroes on the flood control project if they were paid a decent scale. The maximum estimate is ten millions of dollars. The project is a ten-year proposition. That means that between fifty and one hundred millions of dollars would go into the pockets of Negro workers in the next ten years if proper hours and wages were the rule on the levee jobs.

The N.A.A.C.P. proposes to: first, secure a senate investigation which will officially record the existence of the levee slavery; second, get the levee construction placed within the provisions of the eight-hour law; third, secure the prevailing rate of wage scale for levee workers.

The rural folk, exploited by planters with the sanction of the local government and by contractors with the sanction of the federal government, helpless except for individual bravado and appeals to the rulers for justice, hope for help from the outside. The people in the Delta have no vote and no one responsive to their wills. Other people, elsewhere in the country, who can make demands and back them with votes, need to drive home to their senators the necessity for laying this whole mess bare. The Wagner resolution was passed February 22. You can help now by writing Senator Robert F. Wagner thanking him and saying you wish a thorough examination into all the charges. The Delta folk are helpless. You are not. You can help put millions of dollars in the hands of black workmen on the Mississippi and at the same time wipe out slavery in what is called fondly "the land of the free".

History and Song in the Virgin Islands

The latest gift of folk music to the United States

By MAUD CUNEY-HARE

IN the distant Windward Islands, a century-old house stands alone upon a high hill that looks beyond the savannahs of "Charlotte Amalie" to the dark blue waters of the Caribbean Sea. Up steep hillsides, a drive from town brings one to a natural gateway of green foliage through which a picture of amazing beauty suddenly presents itself. Touching the horizon is an emerald sea—distant waters of the Atlantic Ocean that turn from olive to lettuce green as they ripple over hidden reefs.

On the south side below Louisenhöj, which was built in 1840, lies "Charlotte Amalie," now known by the more prosaic name of St. Thomas, to which one returns by narrow winding roads around the brown and green hills to the town. It is the principal one of the three larger Virgin Islands purchased from Denmark in 1917 and from that year until 1931, administered by the Navy Department. The recent act of granting insular government when the islands were transferred to the Department of Interior was not consummated without bitter conflict between the natives themselves.

St. Thomas, turning a raised back upon the Atlantic Ocean and facing a picturesque land-locked harbor on the Caribbean Sea, contributes with her sister islands, a new treasury of folk music to the United States. Within encircled tiers of streets that look upon the hill-hidden savannahs in the east, is harbored a romantic and enchanting history, melodically told. The background is a tragic one. Here are unfamiliar folk ways due to the great number of racial admixtures—French, Danish, Dutch, English, and Negro. In the old cemetery of St. Thomas, grave-stones of faintly chiseled gray, bear mute witness of the early coming of those who made this far away island their home.

The children of families of means, European, Creole, and those of Negro descent as well, were given educational advantages. When the college of the island was closed in 1883 and only meager schooling could be secured, parents sent their children to Europe. Today one meets Virgin Islanders who were educated in Copenhagen and in Paris. Thus was formed a cultured background for the native innate love for music and here concert singers who passed by on South and Central American tours, were accepted and enjoyed. The Orlandini Opera Company found an enthusiastic welcome. Native musicians arose. Barthold Daniel played at the Court of Napoleon III and received praise from the Emperor and Empress. A nephew, Cyril E. Daniel is a Consul at St. Thomas. Walter Stubbs, composer of a Grand Mass dedicated to Santa Teresa de Jesus, won praise from the Archbishop of the Cathedral of Lima, Peru. In his home, chamber music was practised and encouraged.

One late afternoon, over six years ago, when the sun was beaming less hotly against the crimson roofed houses of white stone, I accosted a very old man, black and bent with age, who was walking down the main street towards the park where out-door concerts are given by the Navy Band. He was known to be Mons. Cherebin who came originally from Guadeloupe and who was French by manner and speech. At one time he was employed to sing in the Catholic Church of St. Thomas and also to teach the "Cha-chas." In later conversations, the old musician told me that he sang only in Latin and French. In recognition of his many years of service, the Catholic priests were making comfortable the "winter days" of his life. Often he was seen basking in the sunlight as he sat musing in the open door of his room that nestled close to the sheltering church walls that had once vibrated to his song.

Today there are not only singers but a number of musical organizations in these parts, the most important of which is the excellent Navy Band directed by the Bandmaster, Alton A. Adams, a native Negro musician of cultivated talent. Formerly known as the Adams Juvenile Band, the members with Mr. Adams enlisted in the United States Navy on June 2, 1917, and was forthwith approved as a United States Navy Band. As such, the organization has been heard in many of the principal cities of this country. The director, Mr. Adams, is a flautist, a composer of marches and other Band music which has been played by leading bands in this country.

Perhaps the first music heard in these parts was that made by the Caribs, thought to have been the aboriginal tribe of St. Thomas, who danced day and night to drive away "Maboya," the spirit who would kill the source of all light; the stars, the moon and the sun. These first music-makers were said to have been driven away by the Emperor Charles V about 1550, and yet, twenty or thirty years ago Caribs who were the offspring of white forefathers and Indian women were found on the East side of the island of St. John. Their gatherings were held at the foot of the water-fall. They were greatly influenced by the superstitions of the former black slaves. They believed in Obea-ism as well as other African beliefs with which the islands abound.

St. Thomas records her authentic history from the time the first company of Danes came in 1666 and found nine families with their slaves settled on the island. They were outwitted by the Dutch. About 1685, French Huguenots came from St. Christopher to join those who came as refugees from Germany. Together they built a French-Protestant Church (1718), on what is still known as Frenchman's Hill. Other French refugees lived on two streets of the town. In the West End, on the shore of a tiny inlet are found a distinct, separate French group. They are the "Cha-chas" who have made for themselves a village at the foot of the rolling hillsides just beyond the third slope of green and live, contentedly, an un-mixed, un-progressive white group. They first came from St. Bartholomew and have accepted without protest the name of "Cha-chas" which is not a complimentary one as it signifies a lack of neatness.

While many beautiful old hymns were brought over by the early French comers, the Cha-chas do not seem to be given to song. In contrast, are the majority of the inhabitants of the island today who are "colored" with French, Danish, or Dutch, and Negro blood, and an un-mixed element of blacks. The Negro was first brought to the island by the Danes and the Dutch Company from Africa. After St. Croix was purchased from France by King Christian of Denmark, about 1733, slaves continued to work there on the sugar plantations and became servants on the estates of all the islands. These old plantations that still bear the intriguing names of former days, were the birthplaces of Negro song of the islands. There are the biblically named estates of "Canaan," "Jerusalem," "Bethlehem," and "Blessing" with "Envy" and "Upper" and "Lower Love," not forgetting the jeweled names "Diamond" and "Ruby" which marked nearby plantations appropriately set in quavering chant and song.

In the West Indies, many and varied were the struggles for freedom and rebellions were not infrequent. The

aroused feelings of those who fought successfully for liberty in 1848 are perpetuated in the folk song "Queen Mary, bang-a-lang." Incensed by the enactment in 1847 by King Christian VIII that slavery would not be abolished until twelve years later, the slaves of St. Croix started an insurrection. The rebellion began quietly on July 2nd, 1848; the following morning at 8 o'clock, two thousand or more desperate slaves from the North side of Frederiksted (Frederiksvaern) marched into town. Armed with weapons of all kinds, their number increased by three thousand from the middle and southern ends of the island, they stormed the Fort and demanded freedom. On the march, whipping posts were thrown into the sea and the Judge's house destroyed and the police records destroyed. On July 3rd, at Christiansted, the Negroes were fired into as they pressed forward. The slaves threatened to burn the town. The militia called out the English steamer, the "Eagle," to seek aid from Porto Rico, and organized patrols. But the following day, the fires were lighted. At Frederiksted the Governor-general proclaimed freedom to all the slaves in the Danish West Indies. The victorious Negroes sang their frenzied chant while the steamship "Vigilant" hastened to St. Thomas with the news of the Proclamation of Freedom.

Queen Mary

Queen Mary say Bang-a-Lang-a, Bang-a-lang, Bang-a-lang,
Mary say Bang-a-lang-a, Cum out 'er yard, Bang-a-lang.
Oh, Queen Mary, will you hab a glass o' wine?
Queen Mary, Wha' way we gwine burn?
We gwine burn dare, gwine burn down Wes' End;
We gwine burn down; all de way gwine burn down.

Fan me, Buckra

Oh Fan me—Buckra missis fan me
Fan me, fan me, till de break o' day.

"Fan me, buckra (white person) is the taunt that the tables were to be turned and the slave the one now to demand service. "Queen Mary," an intrepid woman slave was the Joan of Arc of the rebellion. She was taken to Denmark where she died. She led the march, singing on the way as her infuriated followers planned to "burn down West End (Christiansted). A reminiscence today of the old song is found in the name "burnt downs" given to the whites of St. Croix. It is possible that Queen Mary's song may have been an echo of the earlier rebellion of 1759 at which time eighty-nine slaves were arrested; fourteen put to death by torture, and others sold out of the country. Two who belonged to the "King estate," "Maria," and "Will," were acquitted.

The Proclamation of Freedom of 1848 was "broadcasted" everywhere by being "put on the drum-head"—a custom of the islands in keeping with the old African practice of the "bush telegraph." Messages are indicated by various rhythms beaten on drums made from tree trunks. In St. Thomas one hears stories of enemies having paid a price to the "queen" of the drum to have a hated one "put on the drum-head" that he might become an object of satire, ridicule and mockery.

On folk song quest in the cane country, a short drive from the center of the town of Frederiksted, brought me to the two room house of Mary Catharine, the "Princess" of "carossal" singing. Expecting our visit, she had bedecked herself with many chains of beads that hung over her long, flowing calico dress. She wore the spotlessly white frilled native cap. Her little brown-faced, wide-eyed girl clung closely to her side. Mary Catharine ushered us into the front room of the tiny cabin, where a mahogany four-post bed hung with ragged but clean draperies and tatters of unblemished white cotton lace valances, occupied the larger part of the room.

The humble black singer of "carossals" and maker of song, seemed not at all out of place seated on her beautiful chair tabooed by labor-saving machinery. Only the modern, cheap table of pine which served as an impromptu desk for my music paper, struck a discordant note. One felt grateful for the red and white checked cloth that later covered the boards. Here as we sat together, Mary Catharine was finally persuaded to tell us of the melodies that she sang to us. Divided into groups, they were spoken of as "Tores" (stories —we surmised), "Calindas," and "Carossals." On the island we found a number of songs called "carossals" or "carossols," the meaning of which is obscure.

It is the name of a native plant and also that of the dance that accompanies a class of tunes extemporized by the people. Both hands beat on the side of the keg used as a drum for the accompaniment. Two tunes, "Brownwell" and "Judge Horlick" were classed as "Torees" which our folk singer said must be sung *sharp*. Gleefully she sang—

"Marsa Judge Horlick, peep thro you' window,
Go gell dem sweet rose cologne.
O do gell—dem growin in de garden—
How all you lak our latest gullen?
Roll de drum, drummer, roll de drum."

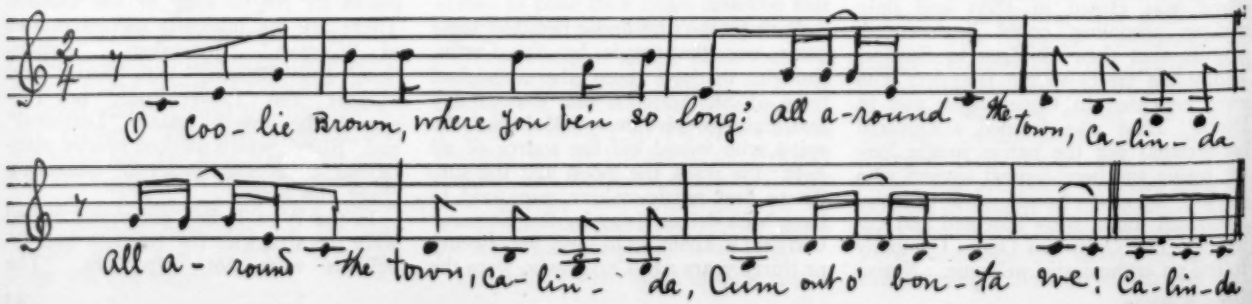
Judge Horlick (Horlyck) was a Danish judge and the "toree" was sung as a serenade to court his pleasure.

The song was often sung at the holiday revels, by Mary Catharine and twelve others. All joined in the chorus while the drummer followed the instructions "Roll de drum, drummer," and ecstatically beat the keg and marked syncopated rhythms with the palm of his hands. Many of the tunes sung had the African manner of being divided rhythmically into groups of two eighth notes in a measure of 3/4. And again a form of triplet played as 5/4 or syncopated identically like the music of the neighboring island of Porto Rico.

"O Coolie Brown" is an example of a "Calinda" which is a form of an African dance-song known in all Creole countries and popular in Louisiana and in the French West Indies. As danced in Martinique and in Haiti, the men twirl canes or sticks and imitate a fight. The dance is known also as "Caliendo" —perhaps with Spanish influences. Mary Catharine punctuated "O Coolie Brown" with rhythmic hand claps—

O Coolie Brown, where you ben so long?
All a-roun' der town, Calinda,
All aroun' der town, Calinda,
Cum out o' bonta we!—Ca-lin-da.
Mornin' star shell a' blow, Calinda,
Mornin' star shell a' blow, Calinda,
Cum out o' bonta we.—Ca-lin-da!

(*To be concluded in the May* CRISIS)



The Farm on the Eastern Shore

A Story of Work

By ANNE DU BIGNON

It is 1932. Three Howard classmates, Jim Holmes, Frank Farley and his wife have come down to the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Frank has lost his fortune in the panic and they plan to start a self-sustaining colony here and sell produce and fruit in the cities. They hope to persuade a fourth classmate, Dr. Forbes of New York, to join them later. Meantime, Harriet Fisher, a teacher, has come to take charge of the local school and with her capable mind is helping plan the enterprise. Frank, however, is still attracted by the methods of city big business and persuades Jim to mortgage the farm, a risk which Jim's father, Aaron Holmes, now dead, would never take. Both Harriet and Frank's wife, Anne, are opposed to a mortgage but Jim suddenly announces that he has already borrowed the money—"And here is the $5.000!"

HARRIET started up with something like fear in her eyes. All her secretly cherished plans seemed in danger. But she held herself well in hand and reached out for the check.

"It's for $4,750," said she, "I notice."

"Yes," said Jim. "You see, I had to pay $250 bonus."

"And 6%?"

"Yes."

"Let's see," said Harriet, with her pencil. "That would be really 11% in all; and for three years?"

Jim looked more uncomfortable. "Yes, of course," he said, "that is, as a matter of fact, we made it out for a year, but I have the banker's word that it will be renewed."

"And if he breaks his word?" said Harriet, slowly.

"Oh, but he won't," said Frank.

"No, no, of course he won't," added Jim. "He's a gentleman."

"Oh, I see, a gentleman! Well, Jim, just endorse this check," she said.

He looked at her curiously, but before Frank could interrupt, he endorsed it with a smile.

She folded the check slowly. "Now," continued Harriet, "You boys listen to me. You did the borrowing, but we, Anne and sister and I, will do the spending. I somehow just don't trust you spending money any more than I would have trusted you borrowing, if I had known it."

"I don't like that," grumbled Frank. "Anne don't know anything about money, and Harriet keeps her cash in her stocking."

"And where do you keep yours, dear?" asked Anne.

1933

The sheriff was sharp, not to say truculent.

"Mortgage is foreclosed," he snapped, spitting on the white porch, "and due notice has been given. I'm here to take possession."

The blood surged up in Jim's neck and Frank went white with anger. The five or six deputy sheriffs, with their badges hastily pinned on and their pistols quite evident, moved a little nearer. Outside the gate there was a crowd of white neighbors, which began to have the appearance of a mob, growling and throwing out epithets. Only Harriet seemed cool.

"All right, sheriff," she said. "Sit down. He started to enter the door but she pulled the chair out on the porch. "First, let me talk with the banker on the telephone?"

The sheriff hesitated and then sat down. Jim and Frank started to enter with Harriet but Harriet intimated that they ought to watch the porch. Then she telephoned. There was a brief colloquy.

"Sheriff," she said, at last, "The banker would like to speak to you."

He turned toward the door but she handed the telephone out the window.

"What!" he said. "Well, I thought, —oh, all right! But how long? Tomorrow at noon? Very well."

He almost threw down the telephone, and then he turned to the group on the piazza.

"I'm coming tomorrow at noon to take possession and I'm going to do it if I have to kill every nigger on the place. And listen, I'm going to leave a deputy here and nothing is to be moved. Nothing. Neither crops nor that auto truck. The mortgage and mortgage bond cover everything."

He strode out; the mob milled about the gate, and one armed deputy sat all night on the steps. Within the men were desperate. Frank drew the curtains and Jim got out the shotguns, oiled and loaded them grimly.

"I don't understand," Frank kept saying. "The banker promised us. He said it was only a form, that one year mortgage, and that, of course, he'd renew. How much of the money have we got left, Harriet? We haven't spent very much. Perhaps he'll take partial payment?"

"No, he won't. He said he must have it all," growled Jim. "The liar!"

Harriet got out her books. "There was the $250 for the bonus; $1,000 for the truck; $1,000 for lumber; $500 for seed and fodder and fertilizer; $500 in wages. We have got about $1,750 left; but you know most of that is due on the contract which Frank arranged for machinery."

Frank groaned. "We ought to have gotten a cheaper truck and bought less seed and stock; and we didn't need that machine until next year."

"I said something like that," said Harriet.

"Oh, I'm to blame," said Frank. "I'm always wrong; but I tell you what I'm going to do." And he got up and seized his coat. Anne stepped quickly to his side.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"I've got a truck of melons," he said, "all loaded and ready for the market. I'm going to run it through to Wilmington tonight. I'm going to talk to Forbes in New York and call up all my Washington business connections. I'm either going to bring back that money or else I won't come back myself."

Harriet's voice was cool. "Don't be a fool, Frank," she said. "You can't fight the law."

"Damn the law," he blustered.

"Telephone Forbes, that's all right, and telephone him right from here. But don't run out and get murdered in the dark." Frank rushed to the telephone and after a long delay got Forbes in New York. At least, not Forbes, but Miss Benson. He came back radiant.

"Forbes is coming and starting tonight. She says he's sick and got to get away or he'll be in the psychopathic ward in Bellevue. Seems he hasn't got much money, but she says she'll bring what she can. She was a bit perky, that nurse of his, but she seemed to know what she was talking about."

All night the men figured and worried, but Harriet and Anne went quietly to bed and what's more, went to sleep.

"That's what women are good for in a jam," whispered Frank.

"Hush," said Jim.

Anne and Harriet got an early breakfast and sang at the task. Jim and Frank could not eat but the armed deputy sheriff on the front porch received a plate of hot cakes and sausage and a cup of aromatic coffee with almost affable condescension. Inquisitive and scowling neighbors began to gather again.

At nine, Harriet called the bank again and shut the parlor door on the conversation. About eleven o'clock a big Lincoln car drove up. Harriet rushed out to greet Miss Benson. A pale, thin Forbes shook hands listlessly with Frank and Jim, and then out of the back of the car stepped a white man.

"We called at the bank," explained Miss Benson. "This gentleman said he had business out here and we offered to bring him along."

The banker looked about doubtfully.

"Where is——" he hesitated. He did not want to say "Miss," for he feared the woman he was seeking might be colored. She was, for Harriet said sweetly, "I am Miss Fisher. Won't you sit down?"

They sat down on a bench in the yard. They read papers and signed and exchanged papers. They argued. The banker seemed both embarrassed and angry. He kept his hat on and talked brusquely, but when at noon the sheriff appeared, he met him at the gate. They called the deputy from the front porch and without a word rode back to town. At the front gate, the crowd faded away. Jim and Frank stood on the porch and stared, while Harriet sauntered back toward the house, fingering a large paper, with a red seal. Jim's sister disappeared into the kitchen and began washing dishes. Frank could stand it no longer.

"Well, when you have time," he said at last, elaborately, "and can spare the words, Miss Fisher, would you mind telling us just what the hell this is all about?"

"Why, certainly," said Harriet. "Come girls and let the dishes rest."

They sat down around the fire.

"Now, boys," said she, "I hope you won't get angry. The girls know what I'm going to say. First of all, the mortgage has been foreclosed and the house has been sold."

Jim stood up taut and gray and stared at her. She continued without looking at him.

"I've bought it," she continued.

"You," blurted Frank.

"Well, at least I was the agent. The real buyer is the Aaron Holmes Co-operative. Now don't interrupt. You see, it was this way. When Jim and Frank borrowed that money, I was in despair. I took the check, cashed it, and put it in the safe deposit vault in town. Then I looked around to see what funds we could get hold of. I had saved $2,500 but had already lost $1,000 in a nice little bank which failed in New York. That left $1,500. Anne had $1,000 tucked away." Frank growled but kept still. "Oh, it was her's,—"

"Cash for a fur coat or a diamond, I forget which," from Anne.

"That made $2,500. And dear, little Miss Benson, here, found us $2,500 more money belonging to Forbes which she had tucked away and kept him from wasting."

Forbes sat with dull eyes but smiled.

"That made $5,000, and out of that we have been spending money and not out of the mortgage money. I knew the banker was going to foreclose. He had to. He was in a jam and needed cash. I offered him anonymously through the Dover bank $3,000 cash for the place and to my great surprise, he took it. I would have given him $5,000. So I formed a corporation and the Directors are us. The women will out-number you men four to three, which is," said Harriet, reflectively, "about as it should be."

"And what are you going to do?" said Frank.

"I'll tell you," said Harriet. "I'm not going to use this farm to make money. I'm going to use it to make people happy, with plenty to eat and wear. Then, I'm going to spread the happiness by selling its products to people that need them."

"Charity?" asked Frank.

"No, business. But co-operative business and not to make money. Benson says that Dr. Forbes' car there cost $7,000. We plan to sell it for a little hospital. I'm going to use our lumber to put up homes for the best of the colored families around here instead of building warehouses.

"Frank and Jim are going to take trips to Washington and Baltimore and Wilmington and organize some food buying units. And thus, we're all going to be well-fed, well-clothed, healthy and happy."

"And poor and idiotic," said Frank, as he flung out of the house and walked angrily down toward the bay. Anne took the baby and followed him. Miss Benson took Forbes and finally persuaded him to lie down. Jim walked out and wandered aimlessly up toward the little graveyard where his father lay buried. He stood a long time looking at the fresh flowers upon it. Then he turned suddenly.

Quick footsteps were approaching and Frank came running.

"Jim," he said excitedly. "I see it all now—look, here's the afternoon paper. Melons are up in the New York market. I'll bet fruit and produce are in for a big rise after the slump. The crackers knew this and tried to steal our farm. They want us to dump our fruit and vegetables in town so they can sell it and clean up. I tell you, Jim, we can beat them and I'm going to begin right now. I'm going to run those melons to Dover and ship them to New York."

"But it's late, Frank—after four. It will be dark long before we get to town. Let's make an early start tomorrow after we talk to the girls."

"I'm tired of apron strings. Co-operation! It's all poppy-cock. I'm rushing these melons to market. With the cash; I'm going to get new seed and tools and hire more laborers. Let the women think we're drumming up customers if they want to, but I tell you, business is selling not buying. Let the buyers go hang. The woods are full of them."

"I don't know about that," said Jim, doubtfully. "I sort of reckon that after this crisis, the Buyer is going to begin to assert himself—going to organize and think and plan and stop being kicked about like a dumb pawn. Harriet——"

"Harriet be damned. She's pulling the wool all over you and you're too goofy to see it. The way you turned over that mortgage money made me sick."

"But Frank you shouldn't go alone and I can't leave the women. The white neighbors are sore and ripe for trouble. If you swagger through town alone on that new truck and they are sore at missing truck and farm, some of them will be just drunk enough to pick a row. Wait until morning or at least until after midnight."

"I'm gone," yelled Frank.

Soon the truck tore out of the shed, scattering melons. Harriet rushed to the door and Anne, toiling up from the sea, called sharply,

"Frank!"

But Frank was gone. They waited —just why they could not say, or would not. He might 'phone. Someone might 'phone. If not, they'd call Dover.

"I ought to have gone with him," complained Jim.

But Anne hugged her child close and stared into the night. Already she knew—she knew.

Then it came—at midnight; the slow, halting puff and roll of a crippled truck; the yellow radiance of pine torches, hushed voices. Silently they hurried to the door. Some colored men were bringing the truck home. On a bed of green and crimson melons lay Frank, shot through the head.

Jim stood at sunrise alone by his father's grave where Harriet suddenly joined him. He looked up in surprise and down in shame for tears were in his eyes.

"Well," he said slowly. "It's over—and I've failed. I'm beaten, just as years ago they said I'd be. The Eastern Shore's too much for me. Oh, I've got to stay—but I'm going to pay back all the money——"

"I'm staying right here, too," said Harriet quietly.

"What?"

"The time to fight is when you're licked. The time to win is after you're beaten. I came down here to help make this farm go on a new plan and we're going to do it. They've only killed one of us so far and as I figure it there are three more to kill, not counting Forbes, who's half dead with liquor."

"Why Harriet, you—darling." And then suddenly he became apologetic. "I didn't quite mean to say that. I don't know why I said it."

"I do," said Harriet, "and the answer is Yes. And now, Jim, sit down here and put your arm around me and let's dope this thing out. There's no use of our trying to win this bread and butter game by bucking the white competitive market. They control credit, markets, prices and all the tricks of trade. They've got us beaten before we start. Our only hope is, first, a colored group of buyers held together not by law and police but by a new religion of race salvation. We'll buy black because we must or starve. We'll regiment and stabilize and systematize our wants along simple, primary lines which we can supply with our own hands, our own brains, our own unmortgaged land. We'll make a community not of exploited serfs but of friends and neighbors and educate, keep them healthy and make them work like the devil or get out.

"First, we'll feed and wash and serve ourselves; and then build our own homes; and after that work toward gradually making our own sheets, shoes, hat and clothes. We'll organize town and city groups and solemnly bind them to buy such things as we can furnish and which they must have, whether these are the best and latest and cheapest, or poorest and dearest and last year's style. They'll buy because black hands made the goods and black wants support black work. Year by year we'll do better work and turn out better goods and extend wider and wider this perfect, unbreakable circle, punishing economic traitors with pitiless ostracism and social death. We'll let the closed colored economy grow to a thousand and a hundred thousand, a million, ten millions; with factories, power, wholesale and retail depots—money, credit and insurance.

"We don't need to fear. If we stand firm they can't stop us. We'll be impervious to retaliation or boycott. Once on our feet, we can draw white labor into our circles so far as they follow our rules and yield to our leadership. And then when the new Social Commonwealth appears, as it must, we can bargain as trained and independent leaders and not sue as ignorant and blind beggars."

They arose together, facing the glory of the rising sun. Jim Holmes held her hand tightly in his.

"That is the Promised Land," he said. "And we must reach it over this morass of white ignorance, poverty, envy and murder. Old Aaron there, lying cold and still, points the way. He was silent and worked hard. He did not boast nor crawl. He did good for evil but he never called evil good. He forgave his enemies, but he neither loved nor forgot them and wasted no precious time in hate. He knew no color in pain and turned no beggar, white or black, away. He was long-suffering but he had two shot guns always in his home. They were loaded and his neighbors knew it. He died poor but rich in friends. Dear, we'll work and build and organize. We'll send our fruit and food to market, but we'll go by daylight and ride with a rifle in our hand."

"And I," said Anne, coming on them quietly and dry-eyed, her suitcase in one hand, her baby in the other, "am leaving today. You see, I could not stay here—now. Poor Frank, fighting white folk he was enmeshed in their own crazy net. He thought he must be rich and reach wealth by cheating the poor, any poor—all poor, white and black. I am going back to Washington to teach my child and all little children that Happiness not Wealth is Life. I'm going to organize black Washington to buy your fruit and food and all you learn to make, and to them who will not work with us I will be an avenging angel driven on by my husband's blood."

Hubbard of Liberia

By W. E. B. DuBOIS

THERE is no doubt that the day of the missionary in public esteem has passed. With most folk today, their careers arouse little interest because we are feeling that foreign peoples, and especially backward groups, ought not lightly to be interfered with, either in their religion or their political concerns by foreigners, however sincere they may be.

But a case like that of Edmund Dallas Hubbard is different, different by a world of thought and object and accomplishment.

I once visited his mission in the West African bush of Liberia, some fifty miles in the interior. It was an experience not to be forgotten: the ride in the hammock, the chattering of monkies and footprints of leopards, the wild luxuriance of the forest, and the golden burning of the sun. All this I shall ever remember.

And then, in the midst of this, a lone man, who was no religious fanatic, no mere man of prayer-meetings and sermons, but a hard worker trying to build up agriculture, begin education and effect social organization there out on the edge of the world; and working without money and without price. I knew that day he was sacrificing his life. Today he is dead.

He was born in Mississippi on a farm and educated in the public schools and at Jackson College. He began preaching in 1895 and worked all over that state, sometimes piecing out his meagre salary as a skilled lumberman. He soon became a field missionary, and finally, went to Chicago to preach. During the crisis of 1919-1920, his church was highly commended by social service organizations in the city for its systematic methods of relief. He was there as always the efficient, hard-headed executive, working endless hours, asking nothing for himself and giving his soul for others.

Finally, with wife and son and daughter, he sailed for Liberia in 1922, under the National Baptist Foreign Missionary Board. He never received from that Board, or from anyone, anything like adequate support. Once, he had to take the long journey back to America and go from town to town begging money. His son helped him, and his daughter, a clerk in the office of the American Minister at Liberia, gave much of her wage to support the mission at Careysburg. At last, he had to give up the large grant of land by Liberia, give up the eager children and disappointed natives, and come down to Monrovia. For a time, he became one of the managers on the Firestone Plantation. But that he soon saw would never suit him, and he returned to the mission field. This final work was at the Suehn Industrial Mission, where with Sarah Williamson, he gave his last days of usefulness to Liberia.

His body rests at Monrovia, there beside the "loud, resounding sea", where lie the body of Henry Highland Garnett and the souls of Charles Young, William Francis, James Curtis and a host of other Negro Americans who felt the call of the fatherland and gave their lives for it.

(*Portrait on page* 91)

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

AMERICA

One Hundred Years

May 11, 1933, will mark the 100th birthday of Augustus F. Beard, the venerable Secretary of the American Missionary Association. He is a graduate of Yale and Union Theological Seminary; served as preacher in Maine, New York and France; helped in the establishment of Leland Stanford Junior University, and gave his life to the American Missionary Association. He voted for Lincoln; was a Chaplain in the Union Army, and as Secretary of the American Missionary Association did much to establish Fisk, Atlanta, Talladega and a dozen other Negro schools. It is proposed to raise a scholarship fund of $100,000 for colored students to mark his centenary. Contributions may be sent to the American Missionary Association, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Outstanding Civic Service

At a breakfast meeting attended by more than 600 guests, Titus Alexander was presented the annual award of the Los Angeles Fellowship League for 1932. The award is made for outstanding service rendered to the civic growth and welfare of Los Angeles by a member of the colored race and is one of the many acknowledgments of Mr. Alexander's services to his community. He is an honorary captain of the Los Angeles Fire Department, a member of the State Democratic Committee, the recipient of a Service Award of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce in recognition of his services during the Olympiad Games and a civil service employee in the Business Agents Division, Bureau of Power and Light. Titus Alexander's father, James M. Alexander was twice elected to the Arkansas legislature—in 1868 and in 1870. His brother John H. Alexander, graduate of the U.S.M.A. West Point, N. Y., died in the service of the United States.

Poetry Contest

The James Weldon Johnson Literary Guild announces its second annual poetry contest for children, opening March 1, and closing June 30, 1933. Children between the ages of 2 and 18 are invited to compete and send manuscripts to Miss Roberta Bosley, 488 St. Nicholas Ave., New York City.

Augustus F. Beard

Inter-Racial Relations

Mrs. Rachel Davis Du Bois is conducting in Boston and Washington courses in race relations for teachers and students. Her work is based on the latest psychological and sociological methods. In Boston, her course is particularly for teachers and is a basis of credit, both at Harvard and Boston University. The perspective of her course in Boston says:

"The course will deal with the very difficult and perplexing problem of how to develop better inter-racial and international understandings and respects. Psychologists and sociologists have recently given some cues for educational procedure, and here and there progressive teachers are translating theory into actual schoolroom practice. Mrs. Du Bois has been pioneering in this field for several years past. Her materials will be of special interest to teachers of history in all grades, to those interested in the conduct of assembly and home-room periods, and to those seeking a basis for correlating various school activities as means for character education. Discussions will be related to the needs and experiences of class members. The course should interest public school teachers, leaders in religious education, and club members."

In Washington she is working with the pupils of the white Junior High Schools.

In Social Service

The career of Lucille V. Miller, a graduate of the Lincoln Hospital Training School for Nurses, is notable. She began her social service work at Cocoanut Grove, Florida and then became a school nurse in the division of Child Hygiene in the New York City Department of Health. She has been for years organizer and director of health service work in connection with Christodora House, one of the oldest settlement houses in New York City, and for three summers, she was camp nurse. During this time she studied at Teachers' College, Columbia University and at New York University. Last month, she received her Bachelor of Science Degree at New York University with a major in health education.

Dallas, Texas, declares that she is not neglecting Negro relief. Six hundred and fifty resident families are being given food, fuel, clothing and rent. "Made jobs" have been furnished 1,188 cases, while their employment bureau has registered 3,724 and placed 259 colored persons. This "may not compare with Northern centers in which I have lived, but I do not think any more is being done for our group in any Southern city the size of Dallas," writes Mrs. E. M. Howell, a social worker of the United Charities.

The Atlanta Branch of the N.A.A.C.P., despite the depression and the low level of wages in Georgia, where colored school

Mrs. Lucille V. Miller *Mrs. Irene W. Walton, pg. 90* *Arthur R. Henderson, pg. 91* *Titus Alexander* *Henry N. Hopewell, pg. 92*

The Atlanta N.A.A.C.P. Drive
Mrs. E. M. Martin, Captain — *Mrs. Josephine Murphy, Director*

teachers are being almost impoverished, has succeeded in raising $1,000 in a drive conducted by Mrs. Daisy E. Lampkin. Twelve days were given to the campaign, and the closing meeting, when $1,007.25 was reported in cash, was singularly interesting and impressive. These people were giving "until it hurt" for a non-profit effort to establish certain principles of human freedom. The churches, the local colored paper, the Atlanta *World*, the professional men, the teachers and the day laborers, helped and made commendable sacrifices.

The Atlanta N.A.A.C.P. Drive
Joseph C. Johnson, Captain — *Miss H. V. Feger, Captain*

Baltimore Youth

Little over a year ago the City-Wide Young People's Forum began its work in Baltimore. The organization comprises a membership of three hundred young people who have brought to audiences of 750 to 1000 persons outstanding lecturers and artists. To two young students $100 scholarships have been awarded. The president of the Forum, Juanita E. Jackson writes: "We are also attempting a tremendous spiritual thing—the lifting up of the spirits of the people during the depression, the feeding of intellectual, aesthetic and spiritual food. . . . With the success realized from our efforts has come self-assurance and faith in ourselves which is most necessary for Negro youth who must take over the torches of leadership in the near future."

Leadership in Colorado

For the past twenty-five years, Dr. J. H. P. Westbrook has been identified with the life and growth of Denver, Colorado. He has served as a member of the Denver Chamber of Commerce, a member of the Board of Directors of the Colorado Tuberculosis Society and a member of the Medical staff of the Denver General Hospital, which appointment he still holds as consultant in the department of internal medicine. Dr. Westbrook has served as a delegate to the National Republican Convention and has held a number of honorary political positions. He is vice-chairman of the Committee of Management of the Glenarm Branch of the Y. M. C. A., has served the local N. A. A. C. P. as secretary and president, and the Denver Interracial Commission as chairman and vice-chairman. The Denver Interracial Commission may well be proud of its work. This year Governor Edwin C. Johnson of Colorado by proclamation set apart the week of February 12 to 18 as Race Relations Week.

Practicing Law

Four colored candidates have successfully passed the bar examination of the State of Virginia. They are Charles L. Elliot, Byron Hopkins and Wilbur Watts graduates of Howard University and Thomas Young, graduate of Ohio State University. Helen E. Austin of Cincinnati, Ohio, took the 1932 Indiana State bar examination and passed, ranking second among the successful candidates.

Families

The population bulletins of the Census of 1930 furnish some interesting data concerning Negro families. For instance, in New York State, the number of Negro families has nearly doubled every decade since 1890, rising from 14,000 to 20,000, to 46,000 to 95,621. In New York City, of 77,077 colored families, 4,280 or 5.6% own their homes; 93% are renters. The median size of the Negro family in Manhattan is 2.48 persons, as compared with 2.43 among the native whites, and 3.20

Dr. J. H. P. Westbrook

among the foreign born. Thus, the 77,077 Negro families in New York City consist of 12,346 families of 1 person, 24,625 families of 2 persons, 14,491 families of 3, and 25,615 families of 4 or more persons. While these reports contain undoubtedly numbers of families of temporary character living outside the marriage contract, still the situation is better for family life than one would have expected in such an immigrant population.

At the Chicago Fair

A set of activities, known as the Epic of America, will feature individual racial achievements at the Chicago Fair next

Miss Juanita E. Jackson, President, and Officers of the Baltimore Young People's City-Wide Forum

summer. A colored citizens' council are asking Negroes to cooperate in order to contribute to this activity. The Epic will be a dramatic presentation of the contributions made by various groups to American culture. There will be special booth exhibits of every group and a public presentation of folk dances and folk music. Persons interested may communicate with Mrs. Cary B. Lewis, 3032 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Traveling Abroad

Anson Phelps Stokes, Chairman of the Phelps Stokes Fund, has finished his African trip and is now in France. He travelled all the way from the Cape to Cairo, meeting everywhere with joint councils of Europeans and Africans, visiting missions and government schools, and talking with educational authorities. Everywhere, he was gratified to see the definite progress made by governments in advancing native interests, the one exception being the Union of South Africa. There, the government lacks a sympathetic, constructive program. Nevertheless, at Fort Hare and Lovedale there are bright spots, and the Institute of Race Relations, under Dr. Rheinault Jones and his coworkers, is gaining impetus. Mr. Stokes had some interesting meetings with both whites and natives.

Mrs. Irene W. Walton of Boston has been traveling in Europe and North Africa. She is a former Vice President of the Cambridge Colored Women's Democratic Club and received unusual official attention during her trip in Italy, Algiers and Egypt.

WORK, WASTE AND WEALTH

Troubled Waters

For thirty years no tide has been so high as the recent one which flooded the run-down shacks of Negro workers in Shell Pile on the Maurice River, New Jersey. The Planters' Oyster Company solved part of the problem of 1000 homeless, marooned Negroes by shipping back to Maryland many whom the company had hired from there. Others survived on coffee and sandwiches until the flood waters receded, then returned to their homes and the oyster factories.

Southern Aid Society

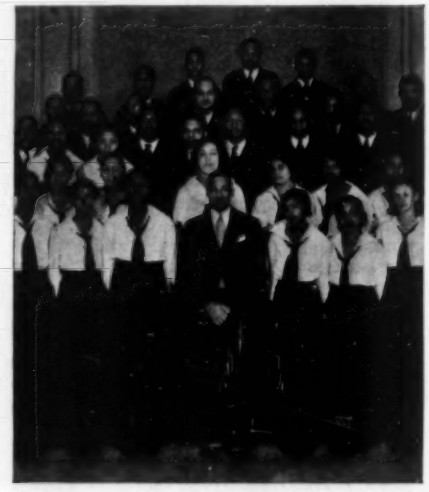
The fortieth annual session of the shareholders of the Southern Aid Society of Va., Inc., was held in Richmond recently. The reports of the insurance company show that the payment of claims during 1932 to policyholders consumed 53% of the gross premium income; commissions and salaries of agents, supervisors and clerks took 44% and the remaining 4% was paid officers, boards and committees.

Merchants Pool

Julius H. Smith of Smith's Model Grocery, Nepperhan, New York, has been elected president of the Colored Merchants Association of Greater New York. Members of the Association stressed the necessity of buying together through the National C. M. A. office. The Harlem Business Men's Club elected R. U. Justice, director of the New York Academy of Business, president to succeed David Doles.

Southern Democracy

Applicants for work on the proposed Public Belt Bridge, New Orleans, must show their poll tax receipts for the years 1931 and 1932, along with registration papers proving them to be duly qualified voters, which is the Southern white mayor's method of restricting work on public utilities to white men.



William L. Dawson
And a group from the Tuskegee Choir

Insurance Merger

The Union Mutual Insurance company of Mobile, Alabama, has merged with the Atlanta Life Insurance company. Future operations will be in the name of the Atlanta Life Insurance company.

Attorney Resigns

Hubert T. Delany, former assistant United States District Attorney for the Southern district of New York, resigned his federal post in which he has handled some 500 cases, to become a member of a New York law firm. His associates are former Chief Attorney George J. Mintzer, the senior member, Thomas T. Todarelli and Emanuel G. Klied.

Co-operation

During the year 1931, co-operative societies in French East Africa increased their capital over 3,500,000 francs, which now amount to 15,692,169 francs, or about 630,000,000's of dollars. They distributed 19,000 metric tons of wheat; built nine new stores; completed 23 wells, and started 37 others, and purchased agricultural implements to the amount of $21,000.

Bankers Celebrate

The National Negro Bankers Association celebrated Lincoln's birthday in the Emancipation Room of the White House.

ART

The Play is The Thing

An editorial in the N. Y. *World-Telegram:*

"Paul Robeson playing 'Emperor Jones' in the Provincetown Theatre—Lawrence Tibbett playing it at the Metropolitan Opera House. Music in the latter; only tom-toms in the former. The tom-toms were enough. The play is the thing. . .

"The music written behind and about the play and presented in the world's premiere at the Metropolitan on January 14 was superfluous. This was shown by the crescendo of interest in those passages in which Lawrence Tibbett as the Emperor Jones talked his lines, as Paul Robeson had talked them at Provincetown. . .

"Without detracting from the triumphant playing of Tibbett, it is interesting to speculate upon the possible power of a Paul Robeson playing his old role of the harassed, terror-stricken fugitive not in the cranny in Macdougall St. but in the vast Mielziner jungle of 39th St."

The Tuskegee Choir

The Tuskegee Institute Choir, under William L. Dawson as conductor, has finished a month's engagement at the new Roxy Music Hall in New York, and a month of touring; as a climax the choir gave a full program of Negro folk music in Carnegie Hall, February 8. The program featured five or more of Dawson's new numbers. The Principal of Tuskegee and many officials attended the concert. Four Hundred and Thirty Thousand people heard the choir at Radio City during its engagement. In all the choir has given 125 performances.

Antigone

The University Players of Spelman College, Atlanta, Ga., under the direction of Anne M. Cook, have given the Antigone of Sophocles, to a large audience. Willie Dobbs as Ismene, and the chorus music, composed by Evelyn Pittman and Josephine Harreld, were noteworthy. The choral dancing by players in masks was unusually effective and beautiful.

Recitals

Mrs. Christine Caldwell sang the leading role in the opera, "The Marriage of Figero," for the Stone Opera Producing Company at the Newark *Evening News* building in Newark.

Hemsley Winfield who played the witch doctor in the opera "The Emperor Jones," and twenty dancers from the New Negro Art Theatre group gave a dance recital at The Playhouse of the Henry Street Settlement, New York City.

The Portland, Maine, *Evening Express* says that Miss Dorothea Lindenberger, a young colored pianist, gives a rendering which is "flexible and interesting, with a clean touch and smooth line." She is Secretary of the Junior Rossini Club.

MR. JAMES CROW

And Never the Twain

The marriage laws of California forbid intermarriage of the yellow and white

races. But a Filipino, though he be darker of skin is not a Chinaman, and rules Judge Walter S. Gates of Los Angeles, may marry a white woman. The decision of Judge Gates was upheld by the Appellate Court. But members of the California State legislature have introduced a bill which will prohibit the reoccurrence of such miscegenation.

"The Green Pastures"

"The Green Pastures" found anything but still waters when it came to Washington. For years, the National Theatre has in brazen defiance of Federal law refused to sell tickets to colored patrons. Now "The Green Pastures" and other shows are beginning to need colored admissions. Hence the mixup and recriminations in Washington. Marc Connelley, author, and Roland Stebbins, producer, are protesting. We have not heard the opinions of the "Lawd."

Nice People

Adelaide Hall, of musical comedy fame, is as determined to live in her exclusive Larchmont home as her white neighbors are that she shall not. Six months ago, the horrified residents attempted to prevent the actress from occupying her house and failed. Recently foreclosure proceedings brought by the mortgage company were thrashed out before a judge in a closed conference, and the defendant left the field victorious.

The "Jim Crow" Car

Demand for the repeal of the Maryland "Jim Crow" law vigorously goes on in the Maryland State Legislature. Advocates for the repeal are trying to force a record vote. Last year through a ruse in the Senate this was prevented.

"Middle Age Barbarism"

Sharp protest from the N.A.A.C.P. and other organizations followed the proposal of Solicitor W. Gist of York, South Carolina, to exhibit the dead body of 16 year old Will Sanders after his execution.

AWARDS

To Captain Archie Weaver a gold medal presented by the executive committee of the Chicago branch of the N.A.A.C.P. in recognition of Captain Weaver's services over a period of twenty years. Also a loving cup presented in similar appreciation by the Phalanx Club of postal employees.

First prize of the Poster Club of the New York Training College to Catherine Cottman for excellence in art work while in the school.

An Urban League Fellowship of $1,200 to Esther Lee Davis of Kansas City for study at the New York School of Social Service.

To James E. Jackson, Jr., the Eagle Scout Badge, awarded by Governor John Garland Pollard. Jackson was president of the Freshman Class, Virginia Union University, 1931-32.

The Rev. E. D. Hubbard; Wife and Daughter (*see page 87*)

For Theodosia Coppin of Philadelphia selection as valedictorian at the commencement exercises of the Central High School.

To Miss Gwendolyn Bryant, ranking senior of Flint Central High School, Michigan, a freshman scholarship at Northwestern University.

To Elaine Brown, appointment as tutor in English by the Ohio State Board of Education. Miss Brown, a senior in the Glenville High School which is given the highest rating in Ohio, is the first tutor to be appointed.

Arthur Ray Henderson, permanent appointment as Deputy Probation Officer, Adult Department of the Los Angeles County Probation Department. A former Deputy Sheriff of Cook County, Illinois, Mr. Henderson has been interested and active in Los Angeles organization for the betterment of Negroes.

The 1932 Mme. C. J. Walker gold medal for showing "exceptional loyalty, devotion and courage in the face of prejudices, handicaps and plain dangers of a southern city" to Dr. Charles A. J. McPherson, secretary of the Birmingham branch of the N.A.A.C.P.

Charles S. Bettis of Wichita, Kansas, placed in charge of the half million dollar jail at night and controls the direction of the county's law enforcement officers.

The Carnegie Hero Award and $1,000 to W. Randolph Flowers, Alabama farmer, for saving the life of a white farmer who was buried while digging a well.

SCHOOLS

Scholarship

For the sixth time during the past eight years, a colored sorority, the Alpha Kappa Alpha, has ranked first in scholarship among the twenty-six sororities at the University of Minnesota, with an average of 1.78. A colored fraternity, the Alpha Phi Alpha, for the second successive time has ranked first among the forty fraternities, with a mark of 1.37. This is no small accomplishment when one remembers that the University of Minnesota has ten thousand students of all races from all over the world.

Looking Us Over

A group of twenty-five students from universities in South Africa stopped at Hampton Institute for a short visit as part of their three weeks' stay in America during which they are visiting educational institutions and the larger eastern and middle western cities.

African Scholars

Scholarships worth £144, for a period of four years, have been awarded three Gold Coast boys, Seth Nettey Tetteh of St. Peter's School, Koforidua; G. S. Yalley of St. Mary's School, Axim, and J. K. Biney of St. Cyprian's School, Kumasi, all of British West Africa.

Class "A"

The Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Southern States has on its list of Approved Colleges and Universities, and Fully Accredited High Schools for Negro Youth, the following class "A" colleges: Talladega, Talladega, Ala.; Atlanta University, Morehouse, Spellman, Atlanta, Georgia; Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.; and Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va. Mary Allen Seminary, Crockett, Texas, is a standard two-year junior college of class "A". There are thirty-six high schools on the accredited list, none of which are in Louisiana, Texas or South Carolina.

Walking to School

Herman W. Dennis of Allen, Virginia, was granted tuition and traveling fees to Virginia State College by the State of Maryland which does not allow Negroes to matriculate at the University of that state. The lad pocketed his travel money and walked the 250 miles to college.

SPORT

Louis Legondh, West African marathon dancer, finished second in a marathon dance at the Alhambra Theatre, Orleans, Paris, after staying on the floor 1,325 hours. In the eight contests in which Legondh has participated, he has danced to victory six times and totaled almost $24,000.

Eugene Beatty and Munice Walton, Negro members of the relay team of Michigan Normal which competed in the Millrose games in New York, were refused accommodations in the Paramount Hotel where their group stayed and ordered to use the freight elevator and back door in leaving.

Tydie Pickett, Olympic star and Chicago board of education track champion ran in the A.A.U. games held in Madison Square Garden, New York.

Emmett Ashford of Los Angeles will serve out the unexpired term of the President of the Jefferson High School, who has resigned. Ashford has been a prominent student in the high school as sports editor and editor-in-chief of the paper and as vice-president of the student body.

DIED

Gallant, pioneer aviator, J. Herman Banning who was killed when a Travelair two-seater plane in which he was a passenger, crashed at Camp Kearney, California. The young flyer had been denied the use of an airplane by the Airtech Flying School at San Diego because the flying instructor did not believe him a capable pilot. Not capable when he had received his transport pilot's license in *Texas*, when he had crossed the country in a plane with an eight-year-old motor, when he knew the praise of veteran flyers all along the Pacific-Atlantic route!

In Pittsburgh, James Robert Williams, eminent fraternal leader of the Knights of Pythias and the Masons of the state of Pennsylvania, member of the executive board of the N.A.A.C.P. and the Center Avenue Y.M.C.A.

Henry N. Hopewell was born in West Virginia in 1875. At eighteen he moved to Martinsburg and purchased the barber shop of the Hotel Berkeley which he successfully operated until his death. He is survived by his wife Mrs. Sara Fisher Hopewell and a daughter Hilda, and was mourned by the entire town.

AFRICA

Portuguese Colonies

The recent visit of African chiefs from the Portuguese colonies to Lisbon was a significant event. They were received by His Excellency, the President of the Republic, at the beautiful palace of Belem. The Agent-General of the colonies took charge of their visit, and they were both guests and hosts at the Industrial Exhibition which was being held at the time in Lisbon. The chiefs were decorated with medals for high services, and their visit called attention to the colonial work of Portugal.

Most people do not realize that all persons born in the Portuguese colonies of whatever color are full citizens of Portugal with all rights. While the provisions for education and social uplift are limited, there is at least no color line and no such racial discriminations as are found in English and American colonies. Some of the Portuguese colonies reach back into the Middle Ages.

The official report on the colonies reminded the public that color is no sign of inferiority and that in America, particularly, the possibility of the development, physical, moral and intellectual of the Negro race has been proven.

The President of Portugal and the Agent General of Colonies Receive African Chiefs at the Palace of Belem, Lisbon

Postscript
by W. E. B. DuBois

THE RIGHT TO WORK

WE have been taught to regard the industrial system today as fixed and permanent. Our problem has been looked upon as the static one of adjusting ourselves to American industry and entering it on its own terms. Our first awakening came when we found that the technique of industry changes so fast and the machine displaces and modifies human labor in so many ways, that it is practically impossible for our Negro industrial schools to equip themselves so as to train youth for current work, while the actual shops and apprentice systems are largely closed to us.

Our second lesson is to realize that the whole industrial system in the United States and in the world is changing and will change radically, either by swift evolution or here and there by revolution; and instead of our sitting like dumb and patient fools awaiting the salvation of the white industrial Lord, it is our duty now to prepare for a new organization and a new status, new modes of making a living, and a new organization of industry.

It is immaterial to us whether this change in the surrounding white world comes in ten, twenty-five or one hundred years. The fact is that the change is inevitable. No system of human culture can stand world war and industrial cataclysm repeatedly, without radical reorganization, either by reasoned reform or irrational collapse.

What, then, shall we do? What can we do? Parties of reform, of socialism and communism beckon us. None of these offers us anything concrete or dependable. From Brook Farm down to the L.I.P.A., the face of reform has been set to lift the white producer and consumer, leaving the black man and his peculiar problems severely alone, with the fond hope that better white men will hate Negroes less and better white conditions make race contact more human and respectable. This has sometimes happened, but more often it has not.

Socialists and Communists assume that state control of industry by a majority of citizens or by a dictatorship of laborers, is going in some magic way to abolish race prejudice of its own accord without special effort or special study or special plan; and they want us Negroes to assume on faith that this will be the result.

Yet nothing in the history of American socialism gives us the slightest assurance on this point, and with American communism led by a group of pitiable mental equipment, who give no thought to the intricacies of the American situation, the vertical and horizontal divisions of the American working classes; and who plan simply to raise hell on any and all occasions, with Negroes as shock troops,—these offer in reality nothing to us except social equality in jail.

On the other hand, we would be idiots not to recognize the imminence of industrial change along socialistic and even communistic lines, which the American revolution sooner or later is bound to take. If we simply mill contentedly after the streaming herd, with no clear idea of our own solutions of our problem, what can we expect but the contempt of reformers and slavery to a white proletariat? If we expect to enter present or future industry upon our own terms, we must have terms; we must have power; we must learn the secret of economic organization; we must submit to leadership, not of words but of ideas; we must weld the civilized part of these 12 millions of our race into an industrial phalanx that cannot be ignored, and which America and the world will come to regard as a strong asset under any system and not merely as a weak and despicable liability.

What, then, shall we do? We cannot use the power of a State because we do not form a State. We cannot dictate as a proletariat, because we are a minority, and not as Marxism and Socialism usually assume an overwhelming majority with power in the reach of its outstretched arms.

On the contrary, we are a despised minority, whose social chains are not loosed, and who have the contempt of the white workers, even more than of capitalists and investors. Despite this, we are strong. Our unrealized strength is so enormous that the world wonders at our stupid apathy. We are physically able to survive slavery, lynching, debauchery, mob-rule, cheating and poverty, and yet remain the most prolific, original element in America, with good health and strength. We have brains, energy, and even taste and genius. From our depths of poverty, we have amassed some wealth. Out of charity, our schools, colleges and universities are growing to be real centers of learning, and Negro literature and art has been distilled from our blood and sweat. There is no way of keeping us in continued industrial slavery, unless we continue to enslave ourselves, and remain content to work as servants for white folk and dumb driven laborers for nothing.

What can we do? We can work for ourselves. We can consume mainly what we ourselves produce, and produce as large a proportion as possible of that which we consume.

Going back to the preaching of Robert Owen and Charles Fourier, we can by consumers and producers cooperation, by phalanstéres and garden cities, establish a progressively self-supporting economy that will weld the majority of our people into an impregnable, economic phalanx.

I am aware of the gale of laughter which such a proposal produces, not only from fools, but from serious students of economics. Of course, we are told, that 1848 scotched socialism; that "labor exchanges" failed; that New Harmony died; that Proudhon's Bank of Exchange became a joke; and much else in this line. But the basic idea beneath all this did not fail, as thousands of successful co-operatives throughout the world testify; as Denmark and Russia are living witnesses; as the working men's homes of Vienna prove. Remember production is already gone co-operative with technocratic control, oligarchic ownership and built on Democratic stupidity under a plutocracy. Consumption in all America is disorganized, blind and bamboozled by lying advertising and "high-powered" selling. Why may not Negroes begin consumers' co-operation under intelligent democratic control and expand at

least to the productive and consuming energy of this one group? There would be white monopoly and privilege to fight, but only stupidity and disloyalty could actually stop progress. Expell both unflinchingly.

Moreover, our strength in Negro America lies in many respects precisely where the weaknesses of former cooperation and association lurked. We have a motive such as they never had. We are fleeing, not simply from poverty, but from insult and murder and social death. We have an instinct of race and a bond of color, in place of a protective tariff for our infant industry. We have, as police power, social ostracism within to coerce a race thrown back upon itself by ostracism without; and behind us, if we will survive, is Must, not May.

Negro American consumer's cooperation will cost us something. It will mean inner subordination and obedience. It will call for inflexible discipline. It will mean years of poverty and sacrifice, but not aimless, rather to one great End. It will invite ridicule, retaliation and discrimination. All this and more. But if we succeed, we have conquered a world. No future revolution can ignore us. No nation, here or elsewhere, can oppress us. No capital can enslave us. We open the gates, not only to our own twelve millions, but to five million West Indians, and eight million black South Americans, and one hundred and fifty million and more Africans. We stretch hands and hands of strength and sinew and understanding to India and China, and all Asia. We become in truth, free.

ABOUT HOTELS

A FRIEND writes us from Boston:

"I am to head a party of about fifty men and women that will travel from Boston to the World's Fair in Chicago by bus, sometime early in the summer. We plan to stop in New York, Pittsburgh and Toledo. Will you be so kind as to give me the name and address of a good hotel, clean and safe, in each one of these cities. You once had a directory of such places in THE CRISIS, but I do not see it any more. We cannot use the "Y's" because families will not want to be separated."

We regret to say that we cannot help these colored travellers. THE CRISIS has tried in vain to maintain a list of decent and attractive Negro hotels throughout the country. There are plenty of them. In New York, in Philadelphia, in Chicago, in Pittsburgh and in Atlanta. But with few exceptions they will not advertise. They will not reach out for patronage. They will not disclose their whereabouts and let the colored traveling public know how to find them. We are, therefore, quite helpless.

A MATTER OF MEALS

"I SHOULD like to ask for a bit of information and perhaps you can put me in touch with the person who can give it to me. For a number of years, I have interested myself in a fine colored boy who is now seventeen years of age.

"We enjoy taking him with us when we drive about in the car, but there is the ever present problem of meals being served, etc.

"So far we have been able to work it out nicely because we will eat no place where Joe can not be included; but I should like to know the exact law regarding the matter.

"One time I witnessed a very sad thing—a young colored girl was refused admission to a small town motion picture house. I then did not know her rights and was too amazed to take the matter up.

"I think it might not be amiss to have a copy of the law regarding public eating places, etc., in my possession, so there will be no repetition of that injustice. As you have no doubt suspected, I am not colored, but my husband and I are as fond of this fine lad as though he were our own and would like to forestall anything that might cause him to feel that he is not entitled to everything that any other person who is law abiding enjoys."

WILLIE BROWN

THE case of Willie Brown in Philadelphia is worth public attention. He is a seventeen-year-old, half-witted Negro who was sentenced to death for the murder of a seven-year-old girl. The evidence upon which he was convicted was purely circumstantial. He was arrested, put in a small, hot room at the police station, beaten and starved into an alleged confession. When he was tried, the Trial Judge, Harry S. McDevitt, made an extraordinary exhibition of prejudice. He characterized the plea of the colored attorney, Raymond Pace Alexander, as a "harangue," to which the jury need pay no attention. He declared that third degree methods by the police were sometimes defensible and he undertook to confirm as proven facts the allegations of some of the witnesses. Finally, he ordered that the jurors need not take into account the life and surroundings and unfortunate history of the culprit. Mr. Alexander immediately appealed the case to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania and early in January, a decision by Justice George W. Maxey was handed down which characterized the attitude of the Trial Judge as patently irregular and unfair and ordered a retrial for Willie Brown.

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